

Questioning by Kiku_Takamoto

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Summary:

For Robin relationships were complicated, no scratch that, understanding attraction was the bigger question. She envied Steve Harrington, he seemed to have it all, someone like him could never understand her struggles.

All it takes is one night for Robin to feel as if Steve maybe understands her struggles more than she could ever realize.

Questioning

Author's Note:

This story is heavily based off all how I started my own questioning and what finally awakened who I was.

More info after the story ♥□

Robin Buckley hated Steve Harrington. From his douche appearance to his stupid questions, to his rich popular boy facade that the school all but knew, he seemed like a guy who was all but untouchable, the picture-perfect American boy.

That was until the last or so month she noticed him. In class, Tammy Thompson would always make those puppy love stares at Steve, even if the brunette looked like he could care less. Robin hated it, she didn't want everything Steve had, she didn't want to be a guy but yet she wished she had what Steve had when it came to admiring looks of girls at school.

“Why does good luck happen to the worst of people?”

One thing always stood out to though. Even after the breakup with his former girlfriend, Nancy Wheeler, Steve made no effort or attempt to even woo another girl. These changes went as far as him only caring about basketball, school, those nerds from the middle school nearby, and whatever he did behind closed doors.

The rumor mill was strong.

“I heard his daddy is pissed that he didn't make it into college. I'm not surprised, an idiot like him won't have any success. He's just a loser now.”

"Maybe he's a fag, after all, even Wheeler wore the pants."

"He's a real hero to zero story."

It was almost enough for Robin to feel bad about Steve ... almost.

Then again, she was no better. Here she was at night, in the town historic district with her thrifted books. She used her usual shortcut; it had no cars nearby and she could get home in record time. But this night was different. In the tree that surrounded the area was a blue muscle car, she knew who's it was instantly.

"Hargrove has another date, huh?"

Robin was almost as envious of Hargrove as she was Steve, both could get dates with girls easily without anyone batting an eye.

Then she saw something odd. In the window, she saw Billy's leather-gloved hands massaging and caressing the pale bareback of his date. It wasn't just the moles that stood out to Robin the most, it was the short hair the girl was sporting. She looked like none of the girls Robin saw in school.

"She doesn't go to Hawkins, maybe Hargrove started looking for other counties?"

Robin was not prepared for what she saw next. What saw was his date turning her head as Billy did something with his hand that thankfully the car blocked from her view. Who she saw was not a girl at all, it was Steve. Robin's jaw dropped.

At that moment she contemplated running away to pretend she never saw anything but yet she didn't move, *"It's none of my business. I'm*

not a peeping tom-

Then she saw Billy wrap his leather jacket around Steve's shoulders, which the brunette barely noticed as his mouth stayed open and his eyes were squeezed shut. This was a significant gesture to Robin.

“Didn’t Hargrove wail on Hagen for almost scuffing his jacket?”

Billy clearly wasn’t bothered. No doubt sweat was seeping into the jacket, yet he seemed almost *proud* to have his prized jacket wrapped around the boy. His deepening the kiss and combing his hands through the dark locks confirmed that hypothesis.

Robin felt ... different. Watching this didn’t across as the typical feelings of teen horniness or wishing. She had no desire to switch with either of the boys, for lack of better words she felt ... empathetic. In the hallways at school, she saw 'normal' couples kiss, hug, and do other PDAs all the time. She would watch this but could never imagine being in the same position, it made her squirm in discomfort at the thought of being touched like that by a guy. When she told her mom, it was always ‘oh you’re just shy’ or ‘you haven’t found the right person yet’.

It was so much more than that though.

“I don’t mind hugs, kisses, and a good time but it feels so forced to think about doing that with a guy,” she wanted to say, but she kept that doubt to herself. She didn’t need uncomfortable questions to be brought up.

Yet watching Billy and Steve at this moment, suddenly the light bulb in her head turned on. Robin was jealous of Steve, she wanted to be held and touched by someone the same sex as her, it was the first time in her life she could relate to a couple while they were intimate. Seeing Billy and Steve kiss and be do into each other was so ...

normal feeling. It felt so natural to see them interact with each other like this.

But still, she had questions.

“Is Dingus into girls and boys? Has he been hiding for years? Did he even know what being gay was? Is he still unsure? What were the first hints?”

Robin sighed deeply, the confliction her head was so much to take in. One thought bothered her more than anything else, *“Maybe if he told me how he figured it ... maybe that would help me too? The signs are all there ... did he experience those signs too? Did he feel conflicted all the time?”*

Robin was so ingrained in her own thoughts, the high-pitched moan almost made her jump out of her skin. What she saw almost made her eyes bug out of their sockets.

Steve was bouncing up and down on Billy’s lap with vigor while the blonde held him up. Robin expected to see the blonde smirk, knowing he was making ‘King Steve’ moan and groan at his touch, instead, she saw a look she could only describe as being tender and soft as if Billy was more worried about Steve’s own comfort and pleasure than his own. The blonde caressed Steve’s hair and kissed the side of his face while Steve continued to cry out from the waves of pleasure that overtook him.

“It’s the look of love,” Steve wasn’t a toy or another conquest to Billy. That much Robin did know. Despite them hiding she admired them, she wanted the courage (and luck) to find a girl, have a quiet moment and be intimate without worrying about what the world would think. If Steve of all people could be happy with someone of the same sex, could she do it too?

Robin quietly walked away but not before hearing a faint cry louder

than the rest before all way silent. She forgot her books on her nightstand for the rest of the night.

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Months later she and Steve started working together. Robin sincerely wondered if the universe knew where all the closeted gays were and paired them with other fellow gays. Despite his usually dorky behavior and Robin's 'You Suck You Rule' board Steve was actually pretty easy to get along with. He had yet to reach any 'you rule' points though.

Robin was prepared to leave for break, "I'm going on break, Dingus--"

"Harrington!"

Steve visibly winced at the familiar voice. The voice belonged to an all-frequent customer Steve and Robin both knew. Not surprisingly, Billy always came when Steve was around, but never when it was just Robin. She knew exactly how Billy knew when to come in.

"Oh God," Steve muttered. Billy gave a fake hurt look, it was almost endearing to Robin how the two communicated.

"Aw, don't say that. A lifeguard like me could use some sugar, you know? Don't want to faint from hypoglycemia on the job," Billy stated, not forgetting to lick to his teeth and lips.

Robin quirked an eyebrow, "*Muscles has a major oral fixation.*"

"Sure, Hargrove," Steve sneered back. Robin was impressed, in all her years of being in theater she had seen plenty of good and bad actors. Steve on the other hand was actually very good, had she not seen them the other night, she would have easily believed Steve was

genuinely annoyed to be in Billy's presence.

"I think Dingus has a calling."

"I'll be back, Dingus. Don't burn the store down," Billy turned his attention to Robin. She saw an air of protection in Billy's eyes, yet his façade never dropped.

"Pretty sure not even Pretty Boy could burn down a shop that is mainly ice cream--"

"Don't be so sure," Robin deadpanned.

As she exited the store she saw the pair alone, talking. As soon as they thought she was out of sight Robin saw the look again on Billy's face. With the sincere look of love, Steve grinned back giving the same look.

On the outside, they now looked like close friends, but Robin knew. Oh boy, she knew.

Robin walked away smiling softly to herself, "*You really help me learn things about myself, dingus.*"

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Later on in the day, hours after she returned, Robin watched Steve leave for the rest of the day. He didn't hesitate to change into his regular clothes in the back, in which he graced Robin with one more surprise. Steve was wearing the same jacket Billy wrapped him up in the night they were in the car. The cheap cologne that radiated from the leather was all the confirmation Robin needed.

“Hey, Dingus,’ Steve stilled turning around to face Robin. To her, Steve looked like a scared child, unsure whether one move would get them in trouble or not. Robin quirked her eyebrow at the jacket, ‘interesting choice of jacket. I didn’t know you were into leather.”

The look of hidden panic was not lost onto Robin.

“O-Oh uh ... I thought I would change things up. You know it keeps you warmer.”

Robin eyed the jacket even more, “Oh yes, because July gets real cold.’

Steve now looked like he was being accused of murder, Robin decided at that moment to end her interrogation, “I’ll see ya tomorrow, Dingus. Don’t be late.”

Steve didn’t say a word as he left. He all but fast-walked out of Scoops. As if the place was on fire.

The small tinge of guilt Robin felt brewing in her stomach almost made her want to run out of the store to chase Steve down, *“He fears being outed. If he’s not careful his life will be hell.”*

It was almost cruelly ironic to Robin that when Steve was the ‘straight rich guy with charms’ that could swoon every girl in sight, but under the façade makeup, he was more or less unhappy and unfulfilled by living the ‘ideal’ societal norm. Yet with Billy, he would be judged by outsiders who would probably declare that if he was with ‘the right girl’ to create a family with he would somehow be happier or he was suddenly a corrupt broken man for not wanting affection from a female companion, despite obviously being happy around Billy.

“In due time that will probably be me, dancing the same dance.”

Robin looked at the board one last time. Her lips curled into a smile, she knew exactly where the next 'point' belonged. She drew one line. The 'You Rule' side.

“ Who knew it would be you helping me with my questioning? Maybe this was the awakening I needed.”

Author's Note:

I based this story on my own questioning. Maybe its just me, but when I was little I would always hear the other little girls gush about wanting a Prince Charming or the handsomest guy to be their husband. I wasn't interested and was always told that 'I wasn't ready' or 'I was too innocent' to want a boyfriend. Yet I would see characters like Sailor Neptune and Sailor Uranus and develop crushes on them, but when I voiced anything like that I would be told by adults that I just 'admired' them or the dreaded 'its just a phase'.

When I got older these feeling didn't change, I felt uncomfortable being even remotely intimate around guys all the time (but was still in enough denial to have a long term boyfriend).

I remember my questioning really took off when I saw a movie that had a gay couple (I for the life of me can't remember the movie name) and suddenly I felt something click in my head. Despite them being both guys, it didn't feel unnatural to me. If anything I felt like they were the first couple I could relate to on a personal level. The idea of being someone with of the same sex made more sense too me, for the first time romance and intimacy weren't so uncomfortable and awkward to me. But I was so scared of telling people so I kept it hidden. I was sheltered and isolated in my small town, I dreaded the thought of anyone finding out. I was so stressed I literally

became sick and required medical treatment.

It felt good when I finally stopped trying to hide it.

Please remember, you're not alone. Whether you are still questioning, in the closet or still determining what feels right for you, everyone is different, your story is yours to write. ❤️📖